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Literature

Greek Archaeology *

THE 'HANDBOOK of Greek Archaeology' (1), by Mr. A. S. Murray, whose 'History of Greek Sculpture' and 'Manual of Mythology' are well known in this country, is a radical departure from the usual treatment of the subject, such as that followed, for example, in Collignon's 'Manual.' First of all, the arts of primitive Greece are treated together; then vase-painting, designs incised on bronze, engraved gems, sculpture in relief, statuary, terra-cottas, painting, and finally architecture, are taken up in order. The discussion of painting fills nearly a hundred pages, or about one-fifth of the volume: architecture is dismissed with less than thirty pages, and no attention is given to numismatics. The author justifies this disproportionate presentation with the plea that Greek painting has received less attention than it deserves at the hands of English students, and that Greek coins, 'in justice to themselves, would require more space than could be accorded them in a handbook side by side with the higher and more spontaneous arts of Greece.' If the object of the handbook is to furnish information to those already well read in classical archaeology, the undue emphasis of one or two phases of the general theme at the expense of others is not altogether out of place. But for those who are entering upon the study of the subject for the first time, an unsymmetrical presentation must always be unsatisfactory, if not positively misleading. More may be said in favor of the author's order of treatment, which leaves the most complex of the arts for the last place. The manner of statement is discursive rather than technical, not unlike the style of a popular lecture; and there is a freshness about the book that reveals the specialist who is constantly in touch with that which he describes. The illustrations are numerous, unhackneyed, and well executed. There are drawings of several red-figured vases printed in colors.

The last twenty years of exploration and excavation in classic lands have accumulated an almost incredible amount of material illuminating the Greek and the Roman civilizations. It is clear that practically the whole ancient literature must be re-interpreted in the light of new discoveries, and that treatises dealing with the externals of ancient life, for the present at least, must be revised year by year. How far the knowledge gained with the help of the spade and the surveyor's chain will ultimately affect the study of Greek and Roman history, or necessitate revision of the current views of historical movements, it is yet too early to say; but of necessity future historians will have to reckon with what has been brought to light on the Acropolis at Athens and in the Roman Forum, at Mycenæ and other sites of classical antiquity. The records of investigation and discovery are scattered through a number of periodicals and bulky volumes, in half a dozen different languages. There have been efforts to gather up the results of research along special lines, as in Schuchhardt's work on Schliemann's discoveries, and Dyer's 'Studies of the Gods in Greece'; but until now there has been no work which attempted to give a comprehensive

view of the whole field for either Greece or Rome. Mr. Gardner's 'New Chapters in Greek History' (2) dealing with the historical results of recent investigations in Greece and Asia Minor, is therefore a timely book, both for the student and for the general reader. The volume begins with a thoughtful essay on the verification of ancient history, indicating particularly the extent and value of the sources of information which have been recovered by excavation. In the fourteen chapters that follow, we are conducted over the Greek world from the Troad to Dodona, from Athens to Cyprus. The author displays admirable self-control in presenting matter from so wide and rich a field with so much conciseness and regard for perspective; even the Greek coinage, to which he has given so much attention, is not made unduly prominent. The plans and illustrations are of much assistance in following the text. It is to be hoped that this book will meet with sufficient encouragement to inspire further efforts along the same line.

It is not easy to understand what inducement could have led either the editor or the publisher to reproduce Knight's 'Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology' (3) in a new edition. This work, published originally in 1818, is a monument of disordered erudition; incoherence of arrangement and fanciful interpretations deprive it of any value even as a repository of facts. The republication of the book at this time is an anachronism, which the work of the editor, who apparently knows nothing about ancient art or mythology—or even 'symbolical language,' for that matter—has in no degree served to remedy.

Miss Clerke's 'Familiar Studies in Homer' (4) is primarily addressed to those who are denied the enjoyment of the Iliad and Odyssey in the original, but who are interested readers of the best translations. It presents, in an entertaining way, the best established conclusions both of Homeric archaeology and of Homeric criticism, with the idea of reconstructing in broad outline the environment of the poems. The author holds a moderately conservative view in regard to the question of origin, believing that the Iliad and the Odyssey are in the main the work of two poets. Among the most interesting chapters are those on Homeric Metallurgy and the Dog in Homer. This is just the book to put into the hands of the boy struggling with his second year's Greek; but maturer students of literature will find it suggestive and profitable.

Gladstone's Speeches

THE VERSATILITY of the 'Grand Old Man' is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in the ten volumes of his utterances edited by Messrs. Hutton and Cohen. Volume X. ranges from the Homeric Artemis to Disestablishment in Scotland, from the orator's golden wedding to the French Republic, from the McKinley Tariff to the Eton boy. Its wide hospitality includes the Channel Tunnel, the Irish Labor Question, the death of John Bright, the Welsh Eisteddfod, the Colonial Episcopate, and the future policy of the Liberal party. On all these subjects Gladstone speaks with efficacy and eloquence, and shows the statesmanlike grasp and foresight which have always characterized his utterances. The traditions of English parliamentary oratory are well sustained in these clear, forcible, logical and instructive speeches on once current topics that still glow with inner fire in spite of the cooling processes of age or fruition. The 'extinct' volcano is never quite extinct; the burnt-out 'burning question' may blaze up again and burn the fingers of those that irreverently touch it. Gladstone's handling of such delicate matters is masterly in the extreme. To him finance becomes a 'face illumined'; impassive figures get life into their impassivity, and speak a language under his manipulation that appeals to imagination and reason. Even the state of agriculture, dry as the topic seems, has breath blown into its body, and takes on

* 1. Handbook of Greek Archaeology. By A. S. Murray. \$6. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2. New Chapters in Greek History. By Percy Gardner. \$5. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3. Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology. By R. P. Knight. \$5. J. W. Bouton. 4. Familiar Studies in Homer. By Agnes M. Clerke. \$2.75. Longmans, Green & Co.

* The Speeches and Public Addresses of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Edited by A. W. Hutton and H. J. Cohen. With portraits. In ten vols. Vol. X. Methuen & Co.

interesting aspects in the hands of this Pygmalion. The Eton boys must have felt strange to hear Gladstone—once an Eton boy—discourse on Homer's dead goddesses and living lines: a man accustomed, in the common thought, to 'orate' only on land-tenure, or royal grants, or criminal law, or like dreary *facetiuncula*; but they found the hexameters of the great epic as familiar to his lips as the latest parliamentary reports, and Artemis a more vivacious being, to his reminiscence, than the actual flesh and blood walking in the Mall about him. Of such stuff are English statesmen made. Scholars as well as gentlemen, accomplished men of letters as well as kings of debate, they keep twin lamps a-burning, that of the ancient and that of the modern eloquence.

Heine's "Germany" *

THE MOST FEMININE book ever written on Germany was written by a man—Heine; the most masculine book written up to a certain date on Germany was written by a woman—Mme. de Staël. If we add to these the 'Germania' of Tacitus—written by a giant—we have a trio of books running over 1800 years more interesting perhaps than any others ever devoted to any one country by persons of three different nationalities. Tacitus, as it were, takes the German *in puris naturalibus*, before he has any clothes or any philosophy, and analyzes his burly frame, his social organization, his women, his worship, crystallizing in a few cameo-like phrases the nation's whole psychic and intellectual physiognomy before it has become seamed and corrugated with the vices and cares—the Sciaparelli lines—of modern life. The figure and face thus delineated on his master-canvas were placed by him in loving juxtaposition with the ferocious lineaments of Augustan Cæsars, of Messalinas and Agripinas, of voluptuous patricians whom Mediterranean scenery had developed into demons, of soft Sybarite 'palms' who in the South dreamt of the straight, beautiful 'pines' of the North. Tacitus's *excursus* into 'Germania' was a revelation to Roman thinkers,—the land of bright-haired men, chaste women, august spiritual worships, rude but liberty-loving hunters and fishers, full of the free life of their Baltic and German seas and their Saxon and Hungarian forests. Their personal acquaintance was soon, and disastrously, made by Varus and his legions, and the next 500 years of Roman history resound with the mighty tread of Goth and Vandal. 'Germania' is gradually becoming 'Germany,' while 'Rome' ceases to be Rome, and dissolves into a dozen empires under the shock of the people whose biography Tacitus writes.

Mme. de Staël took up the wondrous story long after Tacitus had dropped it. Intense curiosity had been roused in France by the singular names of Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Schlegel, and others unpronounceable by French lips. Who and what could men of such names be, and what had their possessors done that they should cross the Rhine and invade the *salons* of the capital? A woman undertook to answer these questions with a spirit quite as daring as that which sent Artemisia to Salamis. Unacquainted with the language of the aborigines, she ventured intrepidly into their country, furnished only with the most exhaustless curiosity and the most fluent and striking tongue,—the first 'special correspondent,' the first indubitable 'interviewer,' of modern times—resolved to ascertain from these barbarians themselves, or such of them as still lived, what their aboriginal souls contained, and why they made so audacious a stir in the literary world. It was not long before German philosophies, poetry, romance, history, æsthetics poured their tale into her sympathetic ear, or into the ear of Wilhelm von Schlegel, who whispered them musically into hers; and *De l'Allemagne* was the result, a *De Germania* from the French point of view, written by a female Tacitus of Swiss extraction. The book caused delight in France and dismay in Germany. The French was

beautiful; the facts were—well, *new*! The *salons* rang with Mme. de Staël and her cleverness; German poetry and philosophy became fashionable; Kant, Hegel, etc., did not, after all, sound so uncouth; the Germans had again overcome Varus and his legions; and in a little while Victor Cousin began to write delightfully about their gifts and graces.

Meanwhile Heine had arisen, a doughty German who loved women but did not like them to write books. To him *De l'Allemagne* was the red rag, the quixotic windmill that excited direst indignation: it was altogether false to Germany and the Germans, and it caricatured the country and its intellectual products in a manner to draw blushes from an Ethiopian. The only way to counteract it was to take its title—as it were extract its string—and write a book in France for the French, telling exactly who and what the Germans were who had speculated about the Absolute, written Faust and other things, and attracted the curiosity of the Faubourg St. Germain. Another *De l'Allemagne* was the result, written fully in French and partly in German, duly enlightening the readers of the *Revue des deux Mondes* and *Europe Littéraire* on things beyond the Rhine. This the invalid cynic did with all that exquisite grace and whim—of style peculiar to him and him alone, built on memories of Laurence Sterne and Jean Paul, but substantially composed of that crystalline effervescent salt known as the *sal Heineum*.

The two volumes before us (wonderfully translated by 'Hans Breitmann,' in spite of manifold misaccented and misspelt French in the margins) were the result of this indignation, an indignation which in this has made neither a poet nor a critic, but simply an incomparable book. The book might be sub-titled 'Heine,' for it contains more of him than it does of Germany, and sparkles with *personalia*. Piquancy is Heine's forte: he permeates all this dead German philosophy with his globules of mercurial wit until it fairly shines like something alive; dead poets come to life again; dead lips speak; Mme. de Staël is scourged out of the temple, and her false money is no longer allowed to pass current as true German coin.

Polynesian History and Politics *

THE MODEST title which Mr. Stevenson has given to his history of the recent troubles in the Samoan Islands is but too accurately descriptive. 'Foot-notes' are apt to be unsatisfactory reading. They worry and perplex the reader quite as often as they enlighten him. In Mr. Stevenson's book there remain many of the charms which have made his novels so attractive. The clear, bright, and crisp style, the happy delineations of character, and the brilliant touches of descriptive power will recall to his readers the hours of pleasure which they have enjoyed in perusing his other books. But the historical talent, which from a mass of disjointed facts constructs a lucid and impressive narrative, bringing out the salient points and passing lightly over the less important, seems lacking. All the incidents of the eight years of Samoan turmoil, as he has gathered them with impartial care from the testimony of participants, spectators, and official documents, are told with a minuteness which becomes at last confusing and wearisome. But towards the close the interest rises. The writer's object becomes more apparent. We perceive that a higher art and a nobler purpose have governed his pen than have been apparent even in his most delightful fictions. Our former admiration of the novelist gives place to a still higher esteem for the man. We learn that this latest and in some respects best of his works is really an appeal to the civilized world in general, and to the German emperor in especial, against a grave injustice which some unworthy representatives of civilization are attempting to inflict upon a weak but by no means ignoble people.

* Germany. By Heinrich Heine. 2 vols. Translated by Charles Godfrey Leland. 92.30. John W. Lovell Co.

* 1. A Foot-note to History: Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa. By Robert Louis Stevenson. \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2. A Brief History of the Hawaiian People. By W. D. Alexander. American Book Company.

Mr. Stevenson's earlier pages give an account of the character and usages of the Samoan people, which, if not repellent, is certainly not flattering. They are compared to light-hearted, pleasure-loving, and occasionally cunning and quarrelsome children. Their system of government is pronounced 'foolish,' and its constitution, we are told, 'bears on its front the marks of dotage.' In this portion of his book it is evident that the author is willing to display his candor and impartiality by presenting frankly the first impressions which he received from the prejudiced foreign residents, without looking deeply below the surface. If he had taken the trouble to read the accounts of this 'constitution,' as it was studied by earlier visitors, he would doubtless have come to a different opinion. In reality the Samoan form of government was an admirably devised combination of the three principles of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy, curiously resembling that of Saxon England. The basis of the system was the possession of the land and of political power by the great body of the 'householders,' as the native term for the landowning freemen may be literally rendered. Above these was a hierarchy of chiefs, to whom the householders rendered profound respect in speech, but whom, if undeserving of this respect, they summarily set aside. And still higher was the elective monarch, a sort of doge, whose authority depended much upon his personal force of character, and who was also liable to be deposed for tyranny or incapacity. The upshot of all was a numerous people, leading an almost ideally Arcadian life of comfort and plenty, diversified by occasional wars, which were really, as in early England or in modern Spanish America, combats of the nature of electoral contests between the 'outs' and 'ins'—only, for the most part, far less sanguinary than those passages of arms to which we have compared them.

This system has given to the Samoans, through many centuries of experience, an extraordinary endowment of political tact and diplomatic cleverness. These faculties were curiously displayed throughout the troubles which Mr. Stevenson has described in his apparently artless but really profoundly artful narrative. The Samoans had to maintain their independence against the pressure of three of the greatest of civilized powers, Germany, England and the United States, any one of which could have swept their little commonwealth out of existence in a day. The author shows us the marvellous combination of shrewdness, bravery and real magnanimity by which they have thus far been able to accomplish their purpose—playing off one great power against another, resisting with desperate courage when directly assailed, and then rushing nobly to the aid and rescue of their most determined assailants when, in the midst of the fighting, a hurricane had broken the hostile warships on their shores. This striking incident overcame even the grim resolution of Bismarck and the colonizing mania of his people. Mr. Stevenson has done well to preserve it in his pages, and to make it the ground of a powerful appeal to the German Emperor, which can hardly fail of a good effect.

Mr. Alexander's 'Brief History of the Hawaiian People' has been written, as his preface assures us, 'from the standpoint of a patriotic Hawaiian,' and is published, as its title-page expresses, 'by order of the Board of Education of the Hawaiian Kingdom.' The author derives his facts relating to the early history and customs of the people from the written narratives of educated natives who have carefully preserved the traditions of their ancestors. The work, therefore, may be accepted as a valuable and thoroughly trustworthy authority on these points, though from its necessarily condensed character it cannot supersede the fuller narratives of Jarves and Fornander, to whom the author is careful to give due credit. The three cardinal facts which these histories bring into view are that the Hawaiian Islands were settled about fourteen hundred years ago by emigrants of Samoan origin, that in the evolution of their society the aristocratic and monarchical elements were strongly developed, reducing the mass of the people to a state of predial servitude, and that the group was never until the present century

under a single government, but was divided into many principalities, each under its own ruling chief and distinct nobility. Among these various petty principalities a constant succession of political intrigues had been carried on for many generations, developing to a remarkable degree the diplomatic ability which is so marked in the Polynesian race. As a result, when in recent times the natives were brought into direct contact and collision with the governments and people of civilized nations, they have displayed a capacity even greater than that exhibited by their Samoan cousins for holding their own and baffling all designs against their independence. In the triad of great powers with whose cabinets and emissaries the Hawaiian, like the Samoan negotiators, have had to deal France has taken the place of Germany; but the result has been the same. The manner in which the Hawaiian leaders, including among them the able white residents, of whose talents and sympathies the native rulers have wisely availed themselves, have managed to frustrate all attempts against their liberties, and to firmly maintain the autonomy of their little kingdom, affords a truly entertaining as well as instructive study. As the native element in the population of the group is steadily diminishing, while the foreign and half-caste element is even more rapidly increasing, the natural result will be that the islands will in time come to be occupied by an English-speaking people of very composite origin, quite as capable of self-government as the Swiss, and, like them, maintained in their freedom by the jealousies of the mightier powers. It may safely be affirmed that this multiplex race will find no reason to be ashamed of the Polynesian side of its ancestry.

The Sermon Bible and the Expositor's Bible*

OF THE DOZEN volumes which are to form 'The Sermon Bible,' nine have already left the hands of binder and printer. These books are meant for aids to work, and have each twenty-four blank pages at the end of the text, so that the sermon maker can jot down the thoughts and suggestions which are called up in reading. In the two latest manuals now under our notice are gathered the homiletic harvests from many fields. The points at which the stakes are driven in are at John iv. and Acts vi., and at Acts vii. and I. Corinthians xvi. The references are not to obsolete and second-rate sermon literature, but to modern and standard authors. Under nearly every text there is, in addition to outlines, extracts or condensations of sermons, an index to the choicest homiletic gems. These are well-made books. They are compilations indeed, but done with the skill and good judgment of experts. They are well printed and bound. Wisely used they are of value. Hard-worked preachers who can handle edge tools deftly, without shedding too freely or wantonly 'the precious life blood of a master-spirit,' will find here much thought which may be wisely transfused.

'The Expositor's Bible' is the fitting name chosen for the name of a series of clerical helps projected several years ago. Steadily, and with no abatement of quality value, have the members of the series made their appearance. Outwardly, the dress is dark crimson and gold—making a most cheerful row, as we view them on the shelves. Contrasting with the average and traditional black of the parson's library, the smiling and handsome titles suggest the fresh statement of old truths. Having tasted the new and old treasures of these scribes instructed in the things of the kingdom, we vote the last three volumes, now before us, worthy of the company of the wise householders who have gone before. Indeed, the three authors are all of the previous elect company. That of Dr. Marcus Dods is an old name associated with fresh study of the Scriptures. He gives us the second volume on the Gospel of St. John. With his usual happy combination of freedom, scholarly exegesis, healthy and timely application and reverence for the divine word, he spreads a rich feast of comment and interpretation. We recall his own *bon-mot* at the past Summer School of The-

* The Sermon Bible. \$1.50 per volume. The Expositor's Bible. \$1.50 per volume. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

ology at Oxford—that a certain text was ‘surrounded by the bodies of prostrate commentators.’ Hence we find that he cautiously avoids attempting to be omniscient, and is rather modest in difficult places. ‘The Corn of Wheat’ is a chapter which shows finely his peculiar powers. Prof. G. G. Findlay, who has made an especial study of the Pauline epistles and is master of the German, as well as the British, schools of exegesis, analyzes finely and treats luminously of the rich Christology in the epistle to the Ephesians, not neglecting the bold imagery, the practical ethics or the literary charms of this unique letter of Paul. Of the Old Testament the Book of Job is expounded by Rev. R. A. Watson, D.D., who wrote the volume on Judges and Ruth. This volume is the most brilliant of the three in point of literature, spirit and style. The author thoroughly appreciates Hebrew poetry and finely combines the critical with the devotional spirit. With the aids afforded by modern students, and with the mind of a modern, familiar also with Oriental thought and literary methods, he gives a very satisfactory treatment of this noble drama of the spirit. He characterizes Elihu’s speeches as ‘post-exilic wisdom,’ and briefly passes over the epilogue. Without attempting to solve all the problems of scholarship regarding the Book of Job, he yet shows us what they are, leaving us to form our own opinion, while richly freighted his pages with material for the homilist and preacher. This volume deserves to stand among the very best commentaries on the Book of Job.

Recent Fiction

‘THE AVERAGE WOMAN’ is a collection of three stories by Wolcott Balestier, to which Mr. Henry James, in an introduction, has given so discriminating a promise of the work this young author might have achieved had he lived that there remains little for the reviewer to say but to recommend the book, containing as it does the reason for and the patent of his fame. Wolcott Balestier died in Dresden less than twelve months ago, in the thirtieth year of his age. ‘He left behind him,’ to quote Mr. James, ‘a youthful unpublished novel, which is conspicuously to see the light; three very short tales, and the vivid mark of his collaboration with Mr. Rudyard Kipling in “The Naulahka.”’ The tales ‘Reffey,’ ‘A Common Story’ and ‘Captain, My Captain’ are contained in this volume. ‘The Naulahka’ we have already spoken of. The ‘Common Story’ is the plaint which a girl makes because her family and her village friends insist on throwing her at the feet of a man to whom she is naturally drawn, and who is attracted by her. Left to herself, she would have been a natural, happy woman; while, placed in a false position by the frenzy of her friends, she assumes an attitude of icy self-consciousness which repels the man, who goes off without having asked her to be his wife. The story is told by the young lady in her journal. But it is in ‘Reffey’ and in ‘Captain, My Captain’ that the author has given us the local color and the prejudice toward American humor which have made his work individual and distinctive. These stories, together with the portion of ‘The Naulahka’ attributed to his pen, are descriptions of Western life and Western character, crass, garrulous, slangy, illiterate Western life at the end of a railroad terminus—eating-house life and eating-house language. No doubt Mr. Balestier faithfully portrays what he has seen. If so, he has done it without sentiment and without art, and the effect is raw and hard. Primarily ‘a man of business of altogether peculiar genius,’ his own literary work held but a secondary place in his active life, and yet he had a definite purpose in hammering away at the modern, the very modern, novel. And while we cannot, like Mr. James, feel that fiction has lost much in the unfilled promise of his short life, we do believe that the cause of literature, which in his busy London sojourn he had championed with such zeal and tact, has suffered a privation in the death of one to whom the recognized marketability of literary wares for the producer had become a passion, into which he threw all the force of a penetrating and original nature. (\$1.25. U. S. Book Co.)

‘A MAN’S CONSCIENCE,’ by Avery Macalpine is a well written story of Western farm life in Minnesota. The descriptions are good, the style is fluent and the scenes are constructed with the easy touch that shows local knowledge—but the plot of the story is one which does not admit of much originality of treatment. On a farm in the wilds of Minnesota lives an illiterate, soft-hearted, farmer with one daughter, who has gone to a city boarding-school. Just at the time when life becomes intolerably dull to her inter-

esting attractive spirit a young Englishman comes to take possession of the next farm. Whereupon, conditions being propitious, they fall in love and are engaged. Hitherward comes the Englishman’s mamma over a stormy sea when she hears of the rash step of her illustrious son. She explains to the young lady the difference in rank between the humble family and that of her son and then she carries off the latter as a companion on her journey home over the vasty deep. When he gets to England he finds he has fallen into the family title. A time elapses and he falls in love with the English girl to whom he had been attached before he came to America; they are engaged and about to be married when he learns that all his letters to his Minnesota sweetheart had been destroyed before they reached her and likewise her’s to him. On learning this he posts to America to find if she still wishes to marry him and reaches there a month after her marriage to the Cross Roads parson, whereupon he returns to England and his betrothed rejoicing, a shining refutation of the maxim that virtue is its own only reward. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)—‘A MAD TOUR,’ by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, is an amusing story of a crazy attempt to walk through the Black Forest. The tour is undertaken by a very young youth and a lady who may be any age from that of the Cumean Sibyl up—the story does not say what relationship those people bore to each other at the outset of their journey, but at the end it was very much that of nurse and patient and it was not the Sibyl who was used up. She had had tormenting doubts all along about the tour, had waked every morning with twelve miles a day staring her in the face from burning letters on the wall, had gone to bed with the legend stamped on her brain, so that finally when they began their tour and it rained, and the miles between inns stretched out to leagues, and the knapsack grew heavy, she was prepared for disasters, but the poor youth not at all and he it was who got rheumatism out of very chagrin. It is all written in a light and humorous vein and has enough of reality about it to indicate that it had a foundation in the fact that two guileless souls did undertake a journey for which they were entirely unfitted that continued in absurdities and ended in a good-humored abandonment of the project. (\$1.25. U. S. Book Co.)

‘A RING OF RUBIES,’ by Mrs. L. T. Meade, is the foolish story of an inheritance whose conditions were concealed in the secret fastenings of a ruby ring, and only discovered by chance. When finally the will was discovered it was found to contain all the old worn-out restrictions to an enjoyment of the inheritance known to romance writers for the last century. Two cousins (third or fourth removed) were mentioned as co-heirs and were to reap the reward of relationship to the deceased provided they forthwith married each other with thanksgiving and joy. Whereupon the young woman, like all heroines in novels, resolved never to sell herself for any amount of contemptible money, and so the affair was like to end if the hero hadn’t come to the rescue and found that he really loved her in spite of the conditions of the stupid will,—and so on until the book ends with the conquered young woman resting her head on the conquering hero’s shoulder. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—NO DOUBT THE ‘Wee Widow’s Cruise in Quiet Waters’ was very delightful to herself and Dickie, the girl friend, who, with herself and John the skipper, formed the crew of the ‘Speck,’ while it skirted the southern coast of England. It was certainly an entertaining thing for two ladies who were overcome with the ennui of life to work their passage on a cruise. And as it ended in the engagement of both of the ladies to the men of their hearts, it will probably seem even to the reader a more than usually pleasant way of spending one’s time. The book is lightly written in a graceful style, but it is weighted with guide-book information of the points the yacht touched at, and except for a breezy air of nautical knowingsness is dull reading. The author is that Idle Exile who wrote ‘Indian Idyls’ and ‘In Tent and Bungalow’ for the same series. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

‘A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION,’ by W. D. Howells, is one of those clever little farces that everyone thinks such capital fun when they illustrate some weak point in a neighbor’s character, and so tiresome when they turn the illuminating light of humor on some act of folly of one’s own. Is there anyone, however, who has got off without some blunder in regard to a letter of introduction (that modern red-hot ploughshare test of social breeding and tact) which he is nursing in some dark corner of his consciousness? If there is, let him be hilarious with Mr. Roberts’ brother-in-law, Mr. Campbell, over Mr. Roberts’ very pardonable mistake of giving the solemn Englishman the empty envelope *sans* the introducing letter to carry to Uncle Philip in New York. The whole farce is delightfully neat, and as light in touch as some of the scenes in Sardou’s entertaining play, ‘The Scrap of Paper.’ (50 cts. Harper & Bros. Black and White Series.)—‘WEDDED TO SPORT’ is one of Mrs. Edward Kennard’s racy tales, where a

certain gay class of English social life has a pin stuck through it, the more easily for the curious reader to gaze and speculate over its construction and deportment. No great sympathy need be felt for the victims, who rarely are of that sensitive organization that would object to a little publicity, especially if it be in an attractive form. In this case the heroine writes two novels, one 'Such is Man' and the other 'Such is Woman.' The first was written before her marriage to the new Lord de Bretton, and the latter shortly afterwards. Both novels made her famous. To any literary admirer we will say that there is no mention of the titles of these novels being copyrighted. 'Wedded to Sport' is attractively bound in green and white, and published by the National Book Co.—A NEW EDITION of that able novel, 'Calmire,' has just been issued by the publishers. It has been revised, its arrangement slightly altered and the writing somewhat condensed, but the author has not yet seen fit to add his name to the title-page. 'Calmire' was favorably reviewed in *The Critic* of August 6. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

Minor Notices

'THE ECONOMY OF HIGH WAGES,' by J. Schoenhof, is a timely and, in some respects, forcible argument in favor of free trade. The author was employed a few years since by the United States to investigate the subjects of wages and technical education in Europe, and this volume is based on the results of that investigation. Mr. Schoenhof repudiates the theory of the protectionists that the tariff causes high wages; and he maintains that high wages do not necessarily or usually result in a high cost of production. Nay, he goes even further, and argues from many facts that 'cheap labor by no means means cheap production; that, on the contrary, low cost of production and a high wage rate go hand in hand' (p. 31). That there is much truth in this view is undeniable, though we think the author states it in too absolute a manner. The truth it involves, however, is one that is too often overlooked not only by protectionists, but by many others, in discussing industrial problems, and Mr. Schoenhof has therefore done well in emphasizing it. The book presents a large collection of facts bearing on various aspects of the wages and tariff questions, and will be useful to students of both, though it contains nothing that is really new. The style is trenchant—a little too much so, perhaps,—but is not always so clear as might be wished; and, what is worse, the English is often faulty, especially in the use of infinitives and participles. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

AS OUR READERS KNOW, the Bureau of Education is engaged in publishing a series of works on the history of American education; and one of the best of the series has now appeared from the pen of George Gary Bush on the 'History of Higher Education in Massachusetts.' One-half of the volume, as might be expected, deals with Harvard College, tracing its development from the high school of the Puritan fathers to the university of the present day. The endowments of the college, the modes of government and discipline, the various courses of study that have been from time to time adopted, the rise of the elective system, the development of the professional schools and of the post-graduate department are all treated of with as much fulness as most readers will desire, and there is a separate chapter giving a sketch of the various presidents of the college. The second half of the volume contains briefer sketches (written by other writers and edited by Mr. Bush) of the other colleges in the State and also of the Andover Theological Seminary, the Institute of Technology and some other schools, and closes with an account of what has been done in Massachusetts for the higher education of women. The style of the work, like that of the other volumes in this series that we have seen, is rather dry; but the information conveyed could not be got elsewhere without considerable labor and expense, and hence the book cannot fail to be of use to all who are concerned with the higher education. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

THE SECOND AND THIRD parts of the 'Dictionary of Political Economy' now in course of preparation under the editorship of R. H. Inglis Palgrave comprise the topics from Beeke to Conciliation. Among the more important articles are those on book-keeping, bounties, capital, census, charity, Christianity in its relation to economics, ancient and modern cities, colonies, commerce, etc. Of the various persons whose writings or deeds have a bearing on economic subjects, these papers treat of Bentham, Burke, Cairnes, Carey, Chevalier, Comte and many more. The articles maintain the same excellence that we noted in the first issue of the Dictionary, and are to a great extent by the same writers. They are by no means confined to the relation of facts; on the contrary, the exposition principles is even more prominent, the views of different authors

and schools being set forth as fully and as plainly as could be expected in so limited space. The standpoint of most of the writers is that of the classical English school; but writers of other schools are treated with fairness, and with an evident desire to set forth all the economic truth that can be gathered, in whatever quarter it may be found. The work, when completed, will be indispensable to every economic writer and teacher, and nearly as much so to the intelligent politician, the social reformer and the historian. (\$1 a part. Macmillan & Co.)

THE FIRST VOLUME of the monthly magazine called *University Extension* has been issued in book form, under the title, 'Hand-book of University Extension.' It deals with all the various aspects of the movement to which it is devoted, and contains contributions by several English as well as American writers. Some account is given of the courses of instruction that have been carried on or projected in different parts of the United States, with descriptions of the methods of teaching; and there are also numerous discussions of the merits of the extension work and of its probable effects upon the students, on the one hand, and upon the universities on the other. It is clear from many papers in the volume that not a few of our educators, including some that have engaged in the work, have grave doubts about its effectiveness; and these doubts can hardly fail to impress the reader. Thus one writer remarks that 'if held up as an equivalent, or substitute, for university education, it will lead to disappointment and disaster'; and another declares that the new movement 'already meets with the temptation of the superficial and of the sham.' That it has proved useful in England is certain; but it by no means follows that in America, where there are so many secondary schools, and where the tendency to superficiality is so strong, it will prove equally beneficial. Yet the need of some agency to raise the intelligence of the masses is so great that if university extension will really help in the work it ought to be undertaken. (Philadelphia: Society for Extension of University Teaching.)

THE AMOUNT OF really valuable literature at the disposal of the lay student of the native and acclimatized trees of the United States is very small. For the region east of the Rocky Mountains, Newhall's and Fuller's Manuals were, until recently, almost the only books of practical assistance to the lover of trees who was eager to know the different species as he might find them, and both of these left much to be desired. A simple, practical and accurate guide to the determination of the native and exotic trees did not exist until the publication of Prof. Appgar's 'Trees of the Northern United States.' This admirable little book contains a clear and accurate description of all the trees that grow naturally and have been successfully introduced east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the southern boundary of Virginia and Missouri. The introductory chapters furnish such elementary facts and terms as the beginner needs to approach his subject with intelligence. There is a key to the genus, and separate keys to the species of each genus; and a glossary of terms and a good index make the book thoroughly usable. Use in the field has assured the reviewer of the practical value of the descriptions—a value which is greatly enhanced by the portable size of the volume. Of the errors which have crept in, the only one which requires mention here is the substitution of a hemlock cone for a pine cone, on page 28. (\$1. Am. Book Co.)

THE DEATH OF Whittier may make timely the publication of Mr. William Sloane Kennedy's 'John G. Whittier: the Poet of Freedom.' As one of the American Reformers Series, many pages of the volume are given over to the anti-slavery struggle, and Whittier's part therein is sympathetically described. As to the literary estimate of the poet, the biographer's tone is too belligerent to be effective: proposals of apotheosis must not be enforced by blows, or sneers at opponents. Whittier's position is secure, and he himself would have been the last to sanction a polemic insistence on his claim to fame. The book, however, represents a large amount of work in hunting up the facts of the poet's anti-slavery career and in collecting the data of his ballads. When the satisfactory life of Whittier comes to be written, it will be more closely discriminating than this one; but, in justice to Mr. Kennedy, one must admit that the future biographer can hardly display more love for his subject and zeal for his task. (\$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co.)—CARLYLE said that no student of German literature could afford to pass Novalis by. In the Masterpieces of Foreign Authors we have a translation of the young mystic's only romance—'Heinrich von Oesterdingen'—and a rather large collection of 'Fugitive Thoughts.' Friedrich von Hardenberg, or Novalis, died in 1800, not yet thirty, but leaving enough behind him thoroughly to deserve Carlyle's praise. The eloquent German voice asserting the divinity of poetry and man, the eternal supremacy of the Ideal,

sounds strangely enough nowadays; but it is a voice worth listening to. English readers will be grateful for this inexpensive and neat little volume. (75 cts. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE FIRST VOLUME of the Pacific Library, published quarterly, is 'Mark Twain: The Story of His Life and Work,' by Will M. Clemens. The book merely unravels from 'Innocents Abroad,' 'Roughing It,' etc., the thread of narrative that is autobiographic, and throws in an additional anecdote or two. The different chapters might pass muster as newspaper articles, but they scarcely deserve binding together in book form. (50 cts. San Francisco: The Clemens Publishing Co.)—THE NINTH VOLUME of George H. Wilson's 'Musical Year-Book of the United States,' giving the record of the season of 1891-92, has appeared. The book contains, as heretofore, programs of all the important musical performances throughout the city, printed in a compact form and arranged for ready reference. Since the disappearance of H. E. Krehbiel's invaluable 'Review of the New York Musical Season,' this is the only book in which the musical doings of this town are preserved, and for that reason it has a special value for Gothamites. It is a well arranged volume. (\$1. Sold only by subscription at 154 Tremont Street, Boston.)—MR. A. B. FROST'S 'The Bull Calf and Other Tales' forms a diverting commentary in pictures on Mr. Gladstone's recent experience with a heifer, though in an entirely unintentional manner. A very slight margin of comment suffices to introduce the reader to 'The Humane Man' who picks up a much abused beastie and is eager to introduce it to the Society for the Prevention, etc., as an orphaned animal. The story of the results, told in humorous black-and-white, is delightfully effective and bears the unexpressed moral: 'Don't meddle with unknown quadrupeds.' The same little book of cartoons contains the affecting story of 'Antonio and Jeremiah' and of 'Maria and Tobias,' together with many other pictorial episodes skillfully transferred to paper, in anticipation of Christmas. Mr. Frost's tales tell themselves without words. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

'THE COLUMBIAN CALENDAR' is a piece of literature descriptive of the daily voyage of Christopher Columbus from the third day of August, 1492, when his little fleet of three vessels left Palos, until the twelfth day of October of the same year, when he landed on the shores of the Bahamas. The author, William Salter, has prepared an elaborate and mixed *menu* of dates, poems, facts and prose excerpts with which to tempt the news-stand buyer, and increase the sale of a calendar whose usefulness will soon be over. Its columns are interlarded between a cheering dedication to a body-guard of friends on the first page and a file-closing index in the rear. In view of these precautions we believe it is safe to state that none of Mr. Salter's literary conscripts will escape. (Burlington, Iowa: E. C. Gnahn.)

Magazine Notes

'HEARING my Requiem,' George Alfred Townsend's article, in the Journalist Series, in *Lippincott's* for October, might be styled a lesson in the construction of headlines. The story is of his investigation of the Towery murders in North Carolina, in which the incident that suggests the title is one which any but a practised newspaper hand would have omitted. The artistic sketches of Mr. Sigmund J. Cauffman, in his article on 'Old Paris,' will, we hope, be studied, as they deserve, by the other illustrators of the magazine. 'Muscle-Building' is the subject of the paper in the Athletic Series. In 'The Kiss of Gold,' the novelette which begins the number, Kate Jordan describes vicissitudes in the life of a playwright. Other notable articles are Mr. R. H. Stoddard's on 'Lowell' and James Cox's on the 'Carnival at St. Louis.'

Outing for October opens with an illustrated account of a trip through 'Darkest America,' that is to say Minnesota, by Mr. Trumbull White. Jessie F. O'Donnell's 'Horseback Sketches' are concluded. 'Quail and Quail Shooting' introduces a picture by J. C. Beard. 'Lacrosse'; 'The National Guard of New Jersey'; a 'Review of the Football Season' and 'A South American Lion Hunt' are all illustrated articles.

'An Old Southern School,' the Georgetown Convent, is illustrated in *The Cosmopolitan* for October. Charles De Kay treats of 'Munich as an Art Centre' and gives examples of some of the strange things that German professors call pictures. Dr. Ruel Karib is a bold man to praise the beauty of Persian ladies and at the same time print the most hideous photographs of them. Charles F. Lummis gives music, words and translations of some New Mexican Folk-Songs. Mr. John A. Cockerill describes 'Some Phases of Contemporary Journalism'; and President H. B. Plant 'The Great Railway Systems of the United States.'

The Columbus Celebration; the Cholera; the Tariff; and M. Zola at Lourdes are treated of as making part of the 'Progress of the World' in the October *Review of Reviews*. There are portraits of Whittier and Curtis, and of the members of Mr. Gladstone's new cabinet. And there are illustrated articles on 'Religious Co-operation' and on 'The World's Congress of 1893.' The part of the magazine devoted to reviews is as well filled as usual.

'White Plains in the Revolution' is the leading article of the *Magazine of American History* for October. There are good half tone prints of views of the village from Chatterton Hill; of the second Court House with its Ionic portico; of the inevitable 'Washington's Headquarters'; of the historic Mitchell house; and of an old howitzer peeping from an earthwork. 'Columbus in Romance' is a timely article by O. A. Bierstadt. 'A Bit of College History' tells how two young men were expelled from Yale about a hundred years ago. There is a short biographical article on Gen. James Hogan of North Carolina; and one on 'Some Relics of Howard, the Philanthropist.'

Boston Letter

GEN. BUTLER and the Columbus statue have been the most interesting figures in Boston this week. Gen. Butler is in Court, but the statue has no abiding-place, and, according to indications, is not likely to be given a home in any of the parks of the city. The members of the Art Commission practically refused to accept it, and from their action a storm has arisen. The erroneous idea is urged by some enthusiasts that the question of religion has entered into the dispute, the Columbus Memorial having been secured by the funds of Catholics, and the attitude of the figure being devotional. On this account an Alderman offered an order that permission be granted for the location in Copley Square of the statue of John Boyle O'Reilly, to be presented to the City of Boston.

Father O'Brien, of the Columbus Memorial Committee, strenuously has declared that the action of the Art Commission is several centuries out of date, and religious bigotry from beginning to end. Capt. Nathan Appleton in an interview stated that the spirit of criticism seemed to be carried to a very fine point in Boston, and thought if it was continued it would result in people not being willing to offer the city anything. But, on the other hand, as I said last week, a number of good critics have found fault with the quality of the work.

Last Thursday Capt. Appleton wrote the Secretary of the Memorial Committee, suggesting that the Commission be requested to give a formal answer regarding the acceptance of the statue, the earlier decision having been given in the nature of a suggestion rather than an absolute refusal. He asked that the Commission strain a point and change its decision, on the ground that the refusal would disappoint many persons who are subscribing, and also would place the Committee in an awkward position in offering to a foreign country a statue, the duplicate of which had been refused in its own city. In case the Commission insists on its former decision, then Archbishop Williams, who was one of the principal contributors, will be asked to permit the erection of the memorial on the grounds of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

It is unfortunate that the vote of the Commission was not unanimous, but the honesty of purpose of that body cannot be questioned, and its judgment is good. Whatever is done regarding the site, it has been decided to have the unveiling of the monument on the 21st of October, with the oration, poem and other exercises already prepared. Possibly this unveiling may take place on the Boston Common.

Gen. Butler is fighting a suit brought by Estes & Lauriat to recover damages for an alleged breach of contract. They claim that Butler had no right to withdraw his book from the C. F. Jewett Publishing Co., in which they were interested, after once having given that company the manuscript to work upon. The damages are placed at \$50,000, and it is interesting to see the doughty General trying to prove that his book is not a heavily-selling work, and seeking to break down witnesses who praise it highly as a selling work.

Some little bits of testimony brought out in the examination will interest the literary world. For instance, Mr. H. O. Houghton, of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., declared that nine-tenths of the books published do not realize profits to the publishers. Books published by subscription, he said, have a greater sale than books disposed of to the trade. This point reminds me that another witness declared it was the ability of the canvassers and the amount of pushing given by the publishers rather than the fame of the author which regulated the number of copies sold. This other witness, Mr. Knight of Brooklyn, the manager of the Methodist Book Concern, testified that his establishment often sold largely books whose authors were unknown. 'We keep a

book carpenter,' he said, 'whose business it is to get up books on subjects we select.' Then he told the Judge that his concern had made arrangements to publish a book to be called 'Columbus and Columbia' for which James G. Blaine was to write an article. I have not seen this fact mentioned anywhere and it may be interesting to add that Mr. Blaine is to receive \$5000 for his article of 11,000 words. Mr. Knight said the Scribners paid Stanley \$40,000 for the copy of 'Darkest Africa' before the book was written, and then, after asserting that neither Logan's nor McClellan's subscription books could be called successes, though some money had been made out of the latter, declared that he really knew of no subscription book that ought to sell as well as Gen. Butler's—a bit of testimony which brought a 'thank you' from the lips of the General although the evidence was hurtful to his case.

But I was writing of what Mr. Houghton testified. He thought Butler's book would not sell among distinctively literary people but rather among those who knew him personally, and his own firm, he said, would have hesitated about accepting Butler's work if he had come to them in the beginning about it. The books of well-known authors his firm never hesitated about publishing. Speaking of the value of a contract Mr. Houghton said that his concern had a contract with the late James Russell Lowell to publish that author's works and that contract was considered by them to be of great value; but when Mr. Lowell died it became of no value at all.

From the testimony it seems that about 32,000 copies of Butler's book have been sold already by A. M. Thayer & Co., the present publishers, nearly half of those being distributed in Massachusetts. The publishers printed in all 50,000 copies and claim that they have lost \$10,000.

The colored people are preparing a memorial in honor of their late friend, the poet Whittier, and to that end will hold services in Boston on the 11th of October under the auspices of the Colored National League. The orator is to be Clement Garnett Morgan. If I am not mistaken Mr. Morgan is the young colored gentleman who was selected as orator at a recent Homer college commencement.

Mrs. James Brown Potter has been acting for the past week or so in Boston and has made Zola's 'Thérèse' her chief play. But literary people will be more interested in learning that there is a possibility of Mrs. Potter's appearing, (though not during this engagement) in an adaptation from the pen of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. Perhaps I should not use the word 'adaptation' as Miss Guiney informs me that she has made strictly a close translation into 'American' of every scene and phrase of the play in point, Dumas's 'Demi-Monde.' It will be remembered that Mrs. Langtry appeared in this play when given in London at the Criterion last season under the title of 'The Fringe of Society.' Miss Guiney regards the play as a stock company piece and thinks that any attempt to star in it or to make it 'a two-man song' would spoil it completely. But yet Mrs. Potter may make the venture.

The selection of James Jeffrey Roche as the poet of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the City of Woburn has insured an admirable poem for that notable event. The few lines which follow, selected from the work, will serve as an illustration:—

Not in darkness, but in wisdom, wrought the prescient pioneers,
Hewing pathways, building bridges, for the marching of the years,
For the glorious procession that their eyes might never see,
Of the serried ages moving to the light of Liberty—
Moving slowly, footsore, weary, for the road is dark and long
Every passway barred by Power, every hilltop held by Wrong;
Till the dawn of Freedom dawneth, with the Promised Land in view,
Where the simple many toil not for the strong and cunning few;
Where the worker knows no master, and the thinker takes no heed
Of the morrow lest he perish in the sordid game of greed.
Naught the Fathers recked of hardships, naught of triumph sorely won;
Each but saw the day's endeavor and the duty to be done.
For they said: 'The sum we know not, but God keeps the score in
sight:
Every cipher makes it tenfold, if you place it to the right.'

BOSTON, Oct. 4, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

London Letter

DO YOUR READERS know what a great affair in Wales is the Welsh 'Eisteddfod'? Many English people do not. They know the name: they know that if they happened to be travelling through or touring about the picturesque little principality, they find the 'Eisteddfod' either a great amusement, or a terrible bore, according to their various ideas and dispositions—also according to the

distance at which they find themselves from the spot whereon the gathering is to take place—but unless they be Welshmen born, or connected by the tie of kindred with Welsh people, they rarely realize the widespread importance attached to the great national festival, which dates, it is asserted, from the fifth century, and has been continued with greater or less regularity up to the present day. Observe, that I say 'It is asserted' that this institution was founded as early as the fifth century, for it is impossible to speak with absolute certainty on the point. At any rate, most Welshmen believe that the 'Eisteddfod' was being held in the reign of King Alfred; and that one of the annual meetings was presided over by his tutor, one Asser Menevensis, a monk of St. David. During the early part of the seventeenth century, however, there was a lull in Welsh national enthusiasm on the point; bardic lore was at a low ebb; and there was no celebration of the 'Eisteddfod' for nearly a hundred years. It woke again, however, to new honor and glory in 1819, when a very great festival was held at Carmarthen, lasting for three days, and not only was all its ancient splendor revived, but arrangements were made for adding to its interest and importance, and for establishing its yearly celebration upon a more solid basis than had ever been conceived before. Accordingly, no year now passes without its 'Eisteddfod'; and a very successful and noteworthy 'Eisteddfod' was brought to a close a few days ago.

Let me, however, for the benefit of those to whom Wales itself is but a name, and its great annual function not even that, describe in a few words the aim and object of the institution. It is a little difficult to do this, because we in England have nothing which in the least degree resembles it, and the Scottish 'Meetings' and 'Gatherings' have something in common with the 'Eisteddfod' only in so far that they are held for the purpose of encouraging national dancing, music and sports. But an 'Eisteddfod' encourages everything: true, it was originally intended for the support and encouragement of Welsh bardic lore, and the bards still compete in this, enter the lists against each other, chanting their poetic strains to the sweet music of their harps; but there are innumerable other openings for Celtic ambition, and opportunities for Celtic distinction. Every kind of art and industry, from the highest to the humblest, receives an impetus from the opportunity afforded for display, and the prizes awarded at the annual 'Eisteddfod,' and thus there is no member of the Principality who has not some direct interest—or at least who is not able to have some, as he or she would—in the magic event.

The 'Gorsedd,' which was the older institution of the two, but which now accompanies the 'Eisteddfod' and takes second rank in the eyes of the population, is a meeting which was formerly held to regulate the religious practices and ceremonies, frame the laws, and lay down rules for the moral and social life of the community. It was always presided over by a bard, whose office, moreover, it was to punish crime and reward merit. The place of meeting is still, as of old, marked out by twelve unheaven stones, placed in a circle round a large centre one, yclept the *Maen Llog*; and though their powers are now limited, within this mystic enclosure the members still hold their conference on many matters of high import, before adjourning to the 'Eisteddfod,' where they take part in the ceremony known as the 'chairing of the Bard.' The chief prize in the present 'Eisteddfod' has been gained by a young policeman, whose essay on the subject of Welsh Bibliography from the beginning of the century down to the present day, won the warmest encomiums on all sides. It is interesting also to learn that a Baptist minister has been chaired as the laureate bard of the year.

It is my good fortune to be about to witness the great Scottish tournament known as the 'Northern Meeting,' which begins to-morrow here, at Inverness, from which famed Highland town I write. Although the 'Northern Meeting' cannot claim to be to Scotland anything like what the 'Eisteddfod' is to Wales, it is something of a great function in its way, and is by far the most important and best attended of all the Highland gatherings. For months beforehand, every room in the place has been secured, and the members of the Committee have been besieged by applicants for 'vouchers,' both for the enclosure at the games during the two days of the Meeting, and for the balls which are held on each evening. As the numbers for the latter have been limited to six hundred on each occasion, and as quite double that number desire to attend, sore have been the heartburnings of those who have no influence among the great Highland families about; but the restriction was absolutely necessary, and will certainly make the balls all the pleasanter for such as are not out in the cold. The dancing and pipe-playing at the varied competitions will, I am told, be even better worth while seeing than usual this year.

Inverness is fifteen hours by mail train from London. That may not seem a long distance to Americans, but in this teeming little isle of ours, we think a good deal of it, and I have been

reading nothing but Scotch papers and hearing nothing but Scotch literary news for the past three days. And this leads me to observe, what a rarely good paper the *Scotsman* is! Of course its circulation is enormous even in England, and as probably many thousands of London Scotchmen take it in as their daily paper, it is as thoroughly cosmopolitan in its news and interests, as the *Times* itself. The *Glasgow Herald* too, how wonderfully good, and incisive is much of the writing contained therein! I have been solemnly perusing column after column, unable to lay the paper aside. Here we have also the *Inverness Courier*, the great authority all over the North; though perhaps hardly what it was in the days of the scholarly Carruthers, its last editor. Is it any disrespect to your journalists in America to suggest that there is a dignity and reticence, even about our country local papers, which is not always to be found in journals of presumably far wider range with you?

And Scottish theologians also. There is a volume just issued by Messrs. Blackwood, 'The Early Religion of Israel,' by Professor James Robertson (Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow), which is well worth study by any one interested in the subject. Its perusal will, I think, convince any impartial mind that the substantial value of the Old Testament Books does not consist in our knowing their authorship, and moreover that many of our modern critics are simply running wild in their theories and conjectures on the subject. Being but a poor theologian, unskilled in matters of doctrine, my opinion on a volume such as that before me would be but a worthless one, however strongly I may have been drawn towards forming a favorable opinion by the charm of the writer's style, and the interest of the subject; but when I append the recommendation of Dr. Norman Macleod, one of the first scholars and preachers of the Church of Scotland (cousin of the 'Norman' dear to the memory of every Highlander in every land), it will be understood that Professor Robertson's work is ably accomplished, and that 'The Early Religion of Israel' is not an ordinary book.

It is strange that the death of the Quaker Poet of America has not made more of a sensation in England. Undoubtedly it would have done so had Whittier been more widely read here; and all I can say is that with the exceptions of eulogistic and appreciative articles in the papers, there has been no real notice taken of it whatever. Possibly some of the indifference shown may be due to the fact that people are still wandering about all over the country, and nothing like settled life has yet begun again in London; but still it seems as if so true a singer should not have been allowed to fall out of the chorus of living poets without more of a requiem being sung over him.

How many of our best treasures are cast up by the waves of chance! In the British Museum I was shown, the other day, a most curious Greek monument—a *στήλη*, I believe, it was called—of untold value in the eyes of the custodian who had charge of the Greek department, which had come into his possession in the most random fashion imaginable. He had been sent for to see if something else, I forget what, were worth his acceptance in a small old-fashioned house north of London. What he had gone to see proved to be of trifling importance, and he was returning from his mission disappointed, and not caring to remove the proffered gift, when his eye chanced to light on an old stone in a corner of the little garden. No one thought anything of this stone; he could scarcely learn how it came there; it was a piece of lumber; a useless encumbrance, put in the garden to be out of the way. The stone proved to be the priceless Greek *στήλη*!

INVERNESS, September 20th.

L. B. WALFORD.

The Lounger

A WRITER IN THE NEW ORLEANS *Times-Democrat* 'enthuses' over the place called Oaklawn, near Franklin, Louisiana—'once the home of United States Senator Porter,' but now the residence of 'Col. Bob Rivers.' The 'pillared pile' is thus rapturously described:—

It is perhaps the noblest representative of the munificent style and luxury that once marked the grander life of the State. It is a pillared pile, magnificent proportions, built of brick, with sumptuous appliances. Evidently wealth and refined taste had here lavished their choicest fancies. It was built to last a long time, and is massive beyond all rivalry of most modern country seats. It now belongs to Col. Bob Rivers of New Orleans, and he has fitted it up with a richness of garniture in modern furnishings beyond anything I have ever seen in any modern country home. All the rooms save one have the most costly and beautiful modern furniture. With a reverent and a most hallowed taste he has left one room inviolate, just as it was furnished when its illustrious occupant last honored its hospitable walls. That is the Henry Clay room. There is the same bed on which he slept, plain, solid, heavy mahogany, with its high posts almost reaching to the high ceiling. The wardrobe is there. The bureau, with its mirror, in

which he saw reflected his leonine face. The old tiling in the fireplace is there, of large, square brick, where he took his hot whiskey punch before he went to bed.

How many writers in a thousand would think of characterizing as 'reverent and most hallowed' the taste that 'preserves inviolate' a room in which a political leader once 'took his whiskey punch'? 'T is a fine derangement of epitaphs!

THE FOLLOWING ODD advertisement comes from an English paper:—'HOME WORK.—Good plots for novels for sale. Apply Miss Smallwood, The Lees, Great Malvern.' Mr. Bok, in his interesting 'Literary Leaves,' declares that the writing of serial stories to order, from plots furnished to the writer, is extensively done in New York.

THAT PLAGIARISM does not pay—not always, at least—has just been demonstrated in the English courts. *The Publishers' Circular* reports the case and moralizes upon it. Some years ago, it seems, a Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey wrote a novel called 'Loyal,' which was published in the orthodox three volumes by Messrs. Tinsley. In 1888 there appeared in the *London Journal* a tale entitled 'A Mad Marriage.' It appeared that there was more than an accidental likeness in the stories; that, in fact, the plot of 'Loyal,' and portions of its dialogues and descriptions, had been incorporated in 'A Mad Marriage.' On these grounds Mr. Godfrey sought to recover damages for infringement of copyright, and was awarded 50*l.* and costs. Quite possibly this was more than his own book had put into his pockets.

JUST WHY I SHOULD have been favored with the following circular letter, I have vainly cudged my brains to decide:—

MY DEAR SIR:—It is desired that you should consider this letter in the nature of a call for a conference of Afro-American authors, of whom you are one, to meet with the American Association of Educators of Colored Youth in the city of Wilmington, North Carolina, on the 27th of December, 1892, and to continue in session three days thereafter. We further take the liberty not only to solicit your presence at the proposed conference, but your earnest efforts to promote the attendance of other colored gentlemen of the literary vocation to be present on that occasion.

So far from being an 'Afro-American' or 'colored gentleman,' I am not even a pronounced brunette. Perhaps some dusky brother is sitting up o' nights, waiting for the invitation inadvertently addressed to a Caucasian.

MR. GLADSTONE has found a new use for birthday books. According to a recent writer who seems to be well informed, he 'fills waste-paper baskets with them.' Evidently this basket is not emptied every day or the grand old man might suffer at the hands of his admirers. According to my informant, 'if the sender writes to ask for the book back, Mr. Gladstone writes his name in, and sends it. But the reminder is necessary, and without it the books remain in the waste-paper basket.'

MR. GLADSTONE is more considerate of the feelings of authors than of autograph collectors. He is in receipt of dozens of books from authors who want the advertisement of his praise and according to Mr. H. L. Lucy, who is doing duty for G. W. S. as correspondent of the *Tribune*, 'In nearly every case he reads, or at least masters, the contents of the book within twenty-four hours of its arrival, and straightway sits down to write the inevitable post card to the trembling author or authoress. The other day there came out another "Life of Wordsworth," an early edition of which reached Mr. Gladstone. It was the high tide of political crisis, but he went through the book, and in the course of a letter to the author observed: "I believe in Wordsworth and knew him personally. He dined with me, as a bachelor, in the Albany nearly sixty years ago, and I delighted in his noble appearance and his beautiful and simple manners. I possess a few of his letters. Everything that gives increased knowledge of him is likely to augment the influence of his poetry, and on this account I think and hope your work is a benefit to the mental health of the community."

I HAVE BEEN AMUSED by following, more or less closely, the correspondence between the publisher of *Printer's Ink* and the publisher of *Book News*. The former is published in New York, in the interest, apparently, of George P. Rowell's advertising agency; the latter is published in Philadelphia, obviously in the interest of the book department at Wanamaker's. Mr. Wanamaker, as Postmaster-General, will not allow *Printer's Ink* the second-class mailing privilege. The organ of his own book store is more fortunate. It is not denied the second-class privilege re-

fused to other papers in the same position. It is a wise Postmaster-General who favors his own publications.

MR. YATES THOMPSON, proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has sold that journal to a 'Liberal-Unionist.' I hope that its editors go with it, for I should be very sorry if there should be any change of editorial policy in the office of the *Pall Mall Budget*, the weekly issue of the *Gazette*, than which there is no brighter paper published on either side of the water. The editor of the *Budget* is a young man by the name of Morley, a nephew of Mr. Gladstone's Secretary for Ireland, I believe.

THE PHILADELPHIA *Record* is the source of the following item:—

Eadweard Muybridge, the renowned author of 'Animal Locomotion,' was in town yesterday for a few hours. 'I have just returned from California,' he said, 'where I have been lecturing on "Animal Locomotion." I have already delivered 200 lectures upon the subject in Europe, and I am now in the midst of a long tour. From here I shall go to Canada, thence to Australia, and thence to India, where I have already made numerous engagements.' In view of the incalculable good that the publication by the University of Pennsylvania of Mr. Muybridge's great work, 'Animal Locomotion,' has done for science, it seems a pity that the cost of getting up this elaborate volume has not yet been defrayed. The complete work between two covers costs \$550, and is probably the most expensive of modern times.

Mr. Muybridge first became known, I believe, by his snap-shots at the horse in motion. His photographs have had a visible effect on the work of painters and draughtsmen of animal life. He has done a great work. But why does he spell his name 'Eadweard'? It looks too like an instantaneous photograph of the name 'Edward' in motion!

THE AUTOMATIC Library Company for the supplying of books to railway travellers on a penny-in-the-slot plan has failed, and taken \$350,000 of good money with it. We do things better in this country, our parlor cars having well selected libraries among their other appointments, and it needs but a word to the obliging porter to have him unlock the book-shelves door, and you may help yourself. To be sure, the porter expects a 'tip,' and a 'tip' to a colored porter must never be less than twenty-five cents; but that you have to give him, anyway, for he counts on it in return for the two or three dabs he gives at your clothes with his ubiquitous whisk-broom.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, the author of 'Mrs. Keith's Crime,' 'The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman' and other much-read books, is but another instance to prove that reputations are not made by beginners in literature. In a biographical sketch recently published I find that Mrs. Clifford began writing stories and poetry in her early girlhood, and that she had no trouble in disposing of them to editors. It was not until the untimely death of her husband, which left her a widow with two small children, that Mrs. Clifford adopted literature as a profession. Each book that she has written has been more successful than the one before it. Her latest, 'Aunt Anne,' is now the talk of the hour in London, and Mrs. Clifford, without being a Charlotte Brontë or a George Eliot, is certainly a popular favorite.

A SUBSCRIBER in the West sends us a column clipped from the pages of a local sheet called the *Basoo*. One can scarcely believe that it is not a burlesque, but it is not. An editor who can write the following could not be burlesqued:—

The *Basoo* is now known from New Hampshire to Washington. In the meantime, our local subscription is improving at a good rate. Oh, we're gettin' there if our hair is short. I dare say that the *Basoo's* constituency understand this sort of writing much better than they do the more elegant periods of an effete Eastern civilization.

A SALZBURG LETTER to the London *Times* recently denied the report that the principal players of Oberammergau had promised to perform their Passion Play at the Chicago Exhibition in 1893. The correspondent translates passages from a letter from a daughter of Joseph Mayer (the Christus of Oberammergau):—'A proposition has recently been made, offering a large sum of money to my father and two or three others if they would take part in the Passion Play at Chicago. My father immediately refused, and the community paid no attention to the proposal. * * * As you know, our sacred play is given in fulfilment of a vow, and must not be trifled with. I therefore implore you, in the name of the community of Oberammergau, to communicate to the newspapers an emphatic denial of the statements to which I have alluded.'

Joseph Ernest Renan

M. RENAN, the eminent French scholar and writer of philosophy, history and criticism, died in Paris on Sunday last after an illness of barely a week. The newspaper dispatches state that his sufferings were intense and that his death, though apparently the result of a short illness, was in reality the outcome of a long complication of diseases. The Paris *Temps* expresses the hope that M. Renan will be accorded the honor of a public funeral. A few hours before his death M. Renan, it is reported, turned to his wife and said: 'Why are you sad?' Because I see you suffer,' she replied. 'Be calm and resigned,' he responded. 'We undergo the laws of that nature whereof we are a manifestation. We perish; we disappear; but heaven and earth remain, and the march of time goes on forever.' No priest or minister was present at or before his death.

M. Renan was born in 1823 in the town of Tréguier, Côtes-du-Nord, and his early studies were directed toward the priesthood. At the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice he showed most marked ability, and especially in the direction of the Oriental languages. At a very early stage of his intellectual history he found the limits of orthodoxy intolerable, and he left the seminary with the course uncompleted. In 1847 he won the Volney prize for a work upon the Semitic language. Four years later he was attached to the Department of Manuscript in the National Library, and in 1856 he was elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions in the place of M. Augustin Thierry. It was in the year 1860 that he published his famous 'Life of Jesus.' This work excited the vehement antagonism of the French clergy, and brought about his dismissal from the professorship of Hebrew, to which he had been appointed in 1862. An offer of an official position in the Imperial Library was at once declined as an unwelcome attempt to smooth matters over. None of his later books has had so wide a reading as that gained by the 'Vie de Jésus,' the sale of which continues after thirty years to be extraordinary. Among his later works are: 'Studies in Religious History,' 'The Book of Job,' 'Philosophical Dialogues and Fragments,' 'Spinoza,' 'History of the Origin of Christianity,' 'The Evangelists,' 'The Apostles,' 'Marcus Aurelius,' and his great 'History of Israel before the Birth of Christ,' of which two volumes have been published. It is understood that the remaining half of the work, though not completed absolutely, is in such condition that it will undoubtedly see the light.

M. Renan was elected a member of the French Academy in 1878, and had received various other literary and scientific honors. Oddly enough, he at one time plunged into politics, and in 1869 presented himself as a candidate for election to what was then the Corps Législatif in the department of Seine-et-Marne. In his address to the electors he declared himself a supporter of Monarchy, aided by the 'governing classes,' and resting upon a free Parliament. He was defeated, though not by an overwhelmingly large vote. M. Renan was appointed rector of the Collège de France in 1883. His wife is a daughter of Scheffer the painter.

An interesting and in some respects curious view of M. Renan's personality, his beliefs, his methods of work and his own estimate of the value of his books was afforded in his 'Recollections and Letters,' published about a year ago.* Several extracts from this may be found in *The Critic* of February 20 of this year.

Perhaps a fairly representative view of later-day criticism of M. Renan is that which we select from the columns of the *Evening Post*:—

Renan's death is that of a man who had survived a good part of his own fame. The renown which the audacious heresies of his 'Life of Jesus' brought him thirty years ago was more expansive and penetrating than any he could win by mere learning, varied as his was, or style, charming as his came invariably to be. But the world, even the religious world, long since got over being shocked by the 'Vie de Jésus,' having to do with much more seri-

* Translation published by the Cassell Publishing Co.

ous problems relating to primitive Christianity; and as soon as Renan's name ceased to be that of the *scandalum magnum* of his time, his peculiar fame began to decline. Nor can it be denied that his purely historical work has fallen under some discredit, when compared with the severer methods of his later contemporaries. One need but compare his Hibbert Lectures with Pfleiderer's to see the difference between his rhetorical treatment of antiquity and the German's patient reconstruction of the past. Moreover, the philosophical and dramatic and reminiscential writings of Renan's later years revealed an almost sensual element in his character that will not enhance his fame. What he will chiefly be remembered for is his long life of devotion to serious research, his boldness in attacking the religious prejudice, most of which he outlived, and the demonstration which he once more gave the world of the possibilities of the French language as an instrument of precision and beauty.

Björnsterne Björnson

IN THE *Review of Reviews* Mr. Chr. Collin, of the University of Christiania, has a biographical sketch of Björnsterne Björnson and an account of the writing of his latest novel, 'The Heritage of the Kurts.' Of the novelist and his form Mr. Collin says:—

But if you visit his plain country house up in a side valley of the Gudbrandsdal, you will see that he is proud of having added fifteen acres to Norway's hard-won corn fields, and of having relieved his land of a hundred thousand cart-loads of stones. I do not know whether it is due to the fact that modern novelists are given to symbolic expression; but stonebreaking is certainly Björnson's favorite sport. 'I was much more proud,' he once said to me, 'when I first saw my own name on a spade, than when I saw it shining on the cover of a book.'

Contrasting him with Tolstoj his biographer says:—

Both as an apostle of peace and as an apostle of purity, Björnsterne Björnson is exceedingly different from his great contemporary, Leo Tolstoj. While the latter preaches a kind of Buddhist non-resistance to evil, Björnson believes in the duty of active struggle for right, even by arms, if need be, but much rather by moral weapons. For the enemy is no tangible men, but certain evil or ignorant desires in the minds of men. How absurd to maim and mangle their bodies, when we really want to get at their minds, and correct something twisted in their character! These invisible enemies, which are beyond the reach of any bullet piercing a man's brain, can often be reached by a soft and gentle word. Words are weapons, more far-reaching and more penetrating than any projectiles of steel. Words are the only bomb-shells that carry mind-force within them, and are made to explode within the mind. And with these subtle shells, from poets and pressmen, we are daily pelted, however ignorant of the fact that we are standing in the midst of the glorious battle of mind against mind.

This is the combat where Björnson feels at home. To him war is a survival of the past, when people did not know the subtle guise of their real enemies, often hiding within themselves, and not seldom being the 'ghosts' of ancestral sins.

The origin of the story of the Kurts, says Mr. Collin, is this:—

The story of the Kurts, the author told me, has grown out of one pregnant scene, which is rendered in the closing chapter of the book, and forms the keystone of its whole structure. Many years back his mother had told him of a curious hitch which had occurred at a nuptial ceremony in Kristiania: a woman appearing on the threshold of a church and laying down her baby before the feet of a bride, who was just about to enter the sacred building. Did the bride make her way over the other woman's child to join hands before the altar with the child's father? On this point tradition seems to have been forgetful. Perhaps all the more vividly must the strange scene have stood before the poet when he first heard it told. But he carried the germ of his prose epic many a year. How came the seed to be awakened?

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

The Art Student, judging from its first number (October), aims to give practical information only, and to omit art news and criticism. There is in this number a simple study of still life, a paper on 'Learning to Draw,' and 'Some Hints on the Study of Perspective,' all of which should be useful to students.

—The London *Daily Chronicle* had this to say recently of the young American illustrator, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson:—'Mr.

Gibson has made himself, we think, a master of modernity; he has shown the picturesqueness of evening dress as no Englishman or other American has yet done. Mr. Du Maurier is no longer to be compared to him for a minute. Mr. Gibson endeavors to render the effects of nature; Mr. Du Maurier ignores them.

—The print department of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is to have during the month an exhibition of the works of Frans Hals the Elder, Frans Hals the Younger, and Velazquez, in carbon photographs, photographs, engravings and etchings, and seven copies in oil by F. P. Vinton.

—*The Art Amateur* for October presents three plates in colors, the head of a little girl, 'Golden Locks'; a study of lilies of the valley; and two studies of a cow by Mr. James M. Hart. Some examples of colonial furniture; studies of hands and feet; and a portrait study in French chalk by a pupil of Mr. Herkomer's are among the other illustrations. The editor denounces in 'My Note Book,' the deplorable fashion of placing oil paintings in 'shadow-boxes' under glass.

—The second number of the new quarterly review of the liberal arts, the *Knight Errant*, has as frontispiece a photogravure of Mr. Walter Crane's picture, 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' leading her forlorn knight through a flowery meadow. Mr. Crane writes of 'Æsthetic Pessimism and the New Hope,' by the last of which he means socialism. 'Is it really so necessary,' he asks, 'to ruthlessly lay waste pleasant wild places; * * * to make the world "bald before its time," as Thoreau says, and to practically enslave the mass of mankind before beginning to live at all?' Well, Thoreau did not find it necessary. Mr. Crane need not make a slave of anybody, and there are plenty of wildernesses yet within a few miles of Boston. Mr. Hugh McCulloch, Jr., contributes a review of Paul Verlaine, whom he styles 'a Baudelaire gone wrong.' Mr. Francis Watts Lee has an essay upon beauty in typography, suggested by the work of Mr. William Morris at the Kelmscott Press. We must renew our praises of the typography of the magazine itself; but a quarterly ought to avoid such errors as 'fallaciort' for fallacious.

Mr. Whittier's Biography

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Several years ago Mr. Whittier expressed to me his wish that I would undertake his biography, if after he had passed away the public should call for some account of his life. Since that time he has put into my hands such materials in his possession as he thought would be helpful, and in his last will he has asked those who have letters of his to refrain from publishing them without my consent. It would greatly oblige me if those who have letters written by him which may be serviceable in preparing the biography, would send them to me. I will carefully and promptly return them.

44 EXCHANGE ST., PORTLAND, MAINE.

SAMUEL T. PACKARD.

Notes

AS WE GO to press the news of the death of Lord Tennyson is received. It is sad news, but we were not unprepared for it, as he had been seriously ill for several days. In the next number of *The Critic* we will give a carefully prepared biographical sketch and critical estimate of the dead poet, whose passing away is a personal grief to every lover of true poetry and of a beautiful life.

—The Rev. Samuel Longfellow, a brother of Henry W. Longfellow, and himself a poet of no mean order, died in Portland, Me., on Monday of this week at the age of seventy-three. It was for his ordination to his first church (in Fall River), that his brother wrote the beautiful hymn 'Christ to the Young Man Said.' After this pastorate he became minister of the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, now Mr. Chadwick's. The later years of his life were spent in Cambridge and at Portland. The best and most of his poetry was religious, and many of his hymns have attained a permanent place in American hymnody. In co-operation with Mr. Samuel Johnson he prepared the collections known as the 'Book of Hymns' and (1864) 'Hymns of the Spirit.' His most important prose work was the large two volume 'Life of Henry W. Longfellow' with a supplementary volume called 'Final Memorials.' He was a contributor to many periodicals, religious and secular. Mr. Longfellow both in his writings and his personal traits was of a singularly sweet, clear and genial disposition, and though his literary personality was in a measure overshadowed by that of his more famous brother, he holds a distinct and interesting place in American literature.

—Lord Tennyson's new volume is announced under the title 'Akbar's Dream and Other Poems.' The greatest of the Mogul emperors, says the London *Literary World*, the wise, gentle, and tolerant Akbar, who planned the noble city of Fatehpur Sikri, whose ruins still survive, in singular preservation, to excite the admiration of the Western traveller, was a great dreamer who, among other things, fancied himself entitled to Divine honors. He was also not free from superstition.

—Mr. George Meredith also has a new volume in the press, 'The Empty Purse; and Other Poems;' and Mr. J. Dykes Campbell is editing 'The Works of Coleridge.' The last named will be uniform with the one-volume editions of Tennyson and Wordsworth, and all will in due course be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

—The *édition de luxe* of a 'Window in Thrums' is rapidly advancing. There will be only 550 copies printed for Great Britain and America, and each copy will be numbered. The book is printed by Messrs. R. & R. Clark of Edinburgh, on special English hand-made paper, and will be sold before publication at 31s. 6d., but afterwards the price will be advanced. The etchings by Mr. William Hole, R.S.A., are particularly successful, more especially perhaps that of 'Jess,' which is heralded as 'a perfect triumph.'

—Sir Henry Wolff, British Minister to Spain, has had printed for private circulation, 'Some Notes of the Past,' which are exciting much interest in English diplomatic and literary circles.

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce among their fall issues a new play by Henry Arthur Jones, with an introduction by Mr. William Archer, the well-known writer and dramatic critic; also 'The Reminiscences of Charles Santley,' the foremost baritone of the day. His own record of his successes in Italian opera at most of the large cities in Europe and in this country will surely make an entertaining volume.

—According to a writer in *Black and White* 'Mr. Hardy is in himself a gentle and a singularly pleasing personality. Of middle height, with a very thoughtful face and rather melancholy eyes, he is nevertheless an interesting and amusing companion. He is regarded by the public at large as a hermit ever brooding in the far-off seclusion of a west country village. A fond delusion, which is disproved by the fact that he is almost more frequently to be seen in a London drawing-room, or a Continental hotel, than in the quiet Old World lanes of rural Dorsetshire.'

—'On the Altar of Mammon' is the title of a forthcoming novel by Miss Marie Petavsky, a young Russian artist, who has been a welcome contributor of prose and verse to current magazines and other periodicals.

—Scott's popularity in France is still universal. As a sign of this the fact is quoted that recently the Paris Municipal Council decided to give the name of Walter Scott Arcade (Passage Walter Scott) to the Passage des Vignoles.

—The *United States Investor* of Boston offers \$1000 in prizes for essays respecting American cities and towns. The Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, the Hon. Charles F. Crisp of Georgia and the Hon. Julius C. Burrows of Michigan will act as judges. The prizes will be subdivided as follows:—For the best essay respecting any American city or town, \$500; for the second best essay respecting any American city or town, \$300; for the third best essay respecting any American city or town, \$200.

—Lovers of birds and flowers will delight in Miss Young's new book announced by Macmillan & Co. under the title of 'An Old Woman's Outlook.'

—'Round London, Down East and Up West' is the self-explaining title of a new book by Montagu Williams, barrister, author of 'Leaves from a Life,' which will be issued by the Macmillans also.

—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately 'The Story of Columbus,' by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, edited by Dr. Edward Eggleston, with nearly a hundred illustrations by Allegra Eggleston. This book is the result of most extensive investigations, which have been carefully verified by Dr. Eggleston. The same firm will shortly add to their list of 'Good Books for Young Readers,' 'Along the Florida Reef,' by C. F. Holder, a story of camping and fishing adventures in company with a naturalist in Florida.

—Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's forthcoming book, 'American Illustrators,' which the Messrs. Scribner will have ready next week, is something more than a picture book. It is a book that will be read as well as admired for its artistic worth, for it is the story of art life in New York by one of the men who knows it best. The sketches of the artists are as clever as the sketches by them, and the outside world will have a much more intimate acquaintance with Abbey, Gibson, Reinhart, Metcalf, Zogbaum, Low, Blum and the rest after reading this book than it ever had before. The color reproductions are particularly well done. Blum's Japanese

girl, for instance, is so much like the original that it would puzzle an expert to decide which was the drawing and which the facsimile.

—The Rev. H. R. Haweis, at the request of the family, has undertaken the compilation of a memoir of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie, from private papers placed in his hands, and from personal reminiscences. The work will be issued about the close of the year by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

—The American Academy of Political and Social Science announces for early publication the following monographs: 'The Influence on Business of the Independent Treasury,' by Prof. David Kinley on the University of Wisconsin; 'Sir Wm. Temple on the Origin and Nature of Government,' by Frank I. Harriott; 'Preventive Legislation in Relation to Crime,' by C. H. Reeve, a plan to abolish crime by doing away with the criminal classes; 'Sidgwick's Elements of Politics,' by James H. Robinson, Ph. D., a criticism of present political notions, which takes Prof. Sidgwick's recent work as a basis for the discussion.

—Mr. A. Conan Doyle's new book, 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,' has just been published by Harper & Bros. The same firm have just added Howells's 'Quality of Mercy' to their Franklin Square Library.

—From the *Athenaeum* we learn that Mr. David Patrick, the editor of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' is, on the approaching completion of his labors, being presented by his colleagues with a set of albums containing photographs of the writers of the signed articles. Nearly two hundred photographs have at present been sent in in response to a circular, and at least as many more are expected.

—'The Japs at Home' is the title of a book which Mr. Douglas Sladen, who has resided for a considerable time in Japan, has recently completed. The work will be very fully illustrated from drawings by H. Savage Landor, W. J. Fenn, and others.

—Miss Lucy Larcom, the poetess, who was an intimate friend of the poet Whittier, contributes to the October *New England Magazine* a descriptive illustrated article, dealing with 'The Ossipee Park,' long the summer resort of Whittier.

—We learn from the English papers that Prof. Hall Griffin of Queen's College, London, is just back from a third visit to Italy, where he has been photographing all the places mentioned by Browning in his works. He has this time been to Castelnuovo for 'The Ring and the Book,' and stayed at the very inn where Caponsacchi and Pompilia were caught. He also got into the New Prison, and had eighty prisoners turned out into a passage, to enable him to photograph the cell where Guido passed his last night, and the room he was tortured in.

—The United States Book Company announce the following as forthcoming volumes in their popular Strathmore Series:—A new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled 'The Cuckoo in the Nest,' and a 'frivolous tale' by Anthony Hope, entitled 'Mr. Witt's Widow.'

—The death is announced at Frankfort-on-the-Main of Dr. Edward Schubert, owner of the largest Paracelsus library in the world. The library will be sold.

—M. Charles Yriarte's forthcoming monograph on Isabella d'Este will continue his series of studies of the Italian Renaissance, in the form of the preceding volumes on the Malatestas and the Borgias.

—Those interested in the kindergarten methods will be glad to learn that Sarah E. Wiltse's essays on 'The Place of the Story in Early Education' and similar topics will be printed in book form by Ginn & Co. Much of the work was done under the direction of President G. Stanley Hall and with the co-operation of the Boston School Board.

—Lady Burton, who is now living at Mortlake, is engaged on an elaborate biography of her husband, Sir Richard Burton, which she hopes to complete within a few months.

—Mr. Francis Parkman has prepared a new introductory chapter for the new edition of his 'The Oregon Trail.' It is forty-five years since he took the journey over the Rockies there described, and in the new chapter he discusses the wondrous changes which have taken place in the region during that period. The volume has seventy-seven original illustrations by Mr. Frederic Remington.

—The clients of Mr. H. F. Dickens, Q.C., enjoy a unique advantage, says the London *Law Gazette*. When they hold a consultation with him they are able to see one of the most precious tables in the land. It is that on which the author of 'David Copperfield' wrote nearly all his great works, and that which appears in the well-known picture of the silent room at Gadshill the morning after the famous writer's death. On this desk Mr. Dickens, Q.C., has prepared the pleadings of nearly all the cases in which

he has been engaged. An amusing incident occurred before Mr. Justice Hawkins some few years ago in connection with Mr. Dickens's parentage. It was the learned gentleman's duty to call a witness of the name of Pickwick. On the day on which the action was on the list the junior was unable to attend, and anxious not to lose the pleasure of seeing Dickens examine Pickwick, a well-known Q.C., who dearly loves a laugh, sent up a note to the judge asking him to adjourn the case merely on the ground of Mr. Dickens's absence, and Mr. Justice Hawkins, who readily entered into the spirit of the request, immediately granted it. At last Mr. Dickens was able to appear in court, the case was opened, and he called Mr. Pickwick. Everybody present was delighted with the coincidence. 'I do not know, gentlemen,' said Mr. Dickens, addressing the jury, 'whether Mr. Pickwick will appear in his gaiters.' When the eagerly-looked-for witness stepped into the box it was generally declared that he was about the thinnest man ever seen in the courts.

—'Essays in Literary Interpretation' is the title of a new volume of essays on literary themes by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, just published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—It is stated that there are now in India 573 newspapers and periodicals published in sixteen different Indian dialects. The largest circulation among daily journals is that of the *Gujerathi Samachar*, returned at 1500, and among weeklies, the *Bengali Bangabassi*, at 20,000 copies.

—The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences announces a course of six lectures on Browning by Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh of New York, on Fridays, from October 7th to November 18th, inclusive.

—A new story by the author of 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' is being published in the English periodical *Great Thoughts*.

—Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's new book, 'Children's Rights,' nearly ready at the Riverside Press, is not a story, but contains several exceedingly sensible chapters about children's playing, reading, kindergarten, and the like topics.

—Robert Louis Stevenson, it is reported, has established a literary and social club in Samoa, with his wife as president.

—As much as \$600 has been paid for a perfect 'first edition' of Burns's 'Poems,' yet a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* asserts that among the humble collections of the Scottish peasantry copies might still be found, although very few and far between.

—A new complete edition of Père Lacordaire's 'Conferences at Notre Dame de Paris' will be published early this month by Thomas Whittaker. The same publisher also announces a new cheap reissue of 'The Class and the Desk,' by J. Comper Gray.

—Three translations of Hall Caine's 'The Scapegoat' are announced—one (just published) in Swedish, by Emilie Kullman; another in German, by Dr. Robert König, and the third in Danish, by M. Laursen. It is also to be published as a serial in *Dahleim*. From the *Athenaeum* we learn that 'Mr. Caine, who has returned in excellent health from a ten weeks' visit to Germany and the frontier towns and villages of Russia and Galicia, has begun a series of articles in the *Times*, which are likely to be continued at intervals through the autumn, and are intended to describe the life of the poor in those regions, with especial reference to the expulsion of the Russian Jews. In addition to the *Times* articles, Mr. Caine intends, in the course of next year, to publish a novel which deals with the position of the Jew in Europe at the end of the nineteenth century. For this work, now in progress, he has, for some time past, had the zealous help of Herr Karl Emil Franzos, the brilliant author of 'For the Right,' himself an Austrian Jew, brought up on the eastern Galician frontier, but born in Russia. It was at one time thought that the novel might be written in collaboration by the English and Austrian novelists, but as the scheme was Mr. Caine's, Herr Franzos, with much unselfishness, has preferred to provide the unacknowledged part of the historical knowledge and the local atmosphere, which only birth and race can truly give. Mr. Caine hopes to return to Russia in the winter, when he will go much further inland.'

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1874.—Where can I obtain a copy of Miss Monroe's Columbian Dedicatory Ode. The program gives also 'Repetition of Procession of the Centuries.' Can we find description of this anywhere.

S. S. J.

[See Miss Monroe's letter in *The Critic* of October 1st.]

1875.—Can anyone inform me who was the author of the following lines? I first saw them in print about thirty-three years ago, placed as an inscription over a spring.—

DANVILLE, N. Y.

T. A.

Whoe'er thou art that stay'st to quaff
The streams that here from caverns dim
Arise to fill thy cup and laugh
In sparkling beads above the brim,—
In all thy thoughts and words as pure
As these sweet waters may 'at thou be,
In all good deeds as swift and sure,
As prompt in all thy charity.

1876.—Where may I purchase a translation of some of Pierre Loti's novels, 'Madame Chrysanthémum,' 'Mariage de Loti,' 'Pêcheur d'Islande,' 'Azigadé,' or 'Mon Frère Yves.' If no English translation has been published, where may I purchase them in the original French?

[The Cassell Publishing Company and Geo. Routledge & Sons of this city have translations of some of Pierre Loti's books. Any dealer in French books can furnish the French versions.]

1877.—A correspondent asks me if Dumas père wrote a sequel to the *Mousquetaire* series entitled, 'The Son of Porthos,' and directs me to a book bearing that title published recently in cheap paper cover. It contains some resemblance to Dumas' worse traits, and might have been written by himself or his assistants in later life; but I'm inclined to think it a cheap though somewhat clever imitation.

NEW YORK CITY.

H. S. F.

[Your conjecture is the right one. Dumas put his name to 146 separately entitled books (and over double that number of volumes) but not to this.]

1878.—I have recently acquired a 12mo. book of 67 pages entitled 'Sketches of United States' Senators of the Session of 1837-38 by "a looker-on here in Verona" Washington, William N. Morrison, 1839. This pseudonym seems to be unknown and is certainly unnoticed by Cushing and Halkett and Lang. Can any of your readers throw any light on the name of the author.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

W. B.

Publications Received

[Receipts of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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|---|------------------------------|
| Adler, F. Moral Instruction of Children. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Alger, H. Jr. The Young Boatman of Pine Point. | Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. |
| Addition. Criticisms on Paradise Lost. Ed. by A. S. Cook. | \$1.10 |
| Abbott, C. C. Recent Rambles. | Boston: Ginn & Co. |
| Austen, J. Northanger Abbey. \$1.25. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Austen, J. Persuasion. \$1.25. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Bailey, L. H. Horticulturist's Rule-Book. \$1. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Beattie, H. S. Joshua Wray. \$1.25. | Rural Pub. Co. |
| Brewster, M. Under the Water-Oaks. \$1.25. | U. S. Book Co. |
| Bean, F. Ruth Marsh. 50c. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Butler, W. Mexico in Transition. \$2. | U. S. Book Co. |
| Carryl, C. E. The Admiral's Caravan. \$1.50. | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Challoner, R. History of the Science and Art of Music. | Century Co. |
| Case, M. E. The Love of the World. \$1. | O. Ditson & Co. |
| Cheap-Money Experiments. 75c. | Century Co. |
| Chesterfield's Letters. Ed. by Lord Mahon. 3 vols. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Children's Chromo-Lithograph Bible Leaflets. (18) 25c. | Hunt & Eaton. |
| Drake, J. In Old St. Stephen's. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| De La Ramé. Bimbi. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Dowling, R. Catmur's Cave. | National Book Co. |
| Dyer, O. Life of General Jackson. 50c. | Robert Bonner's Sons. |
| Francis, J. G. A Book of Cheerful Cats. \$1. | Century Co. |
| Fuller, H. B. The Chastelaine of La Trinité. \$1.25. | Century Co. |
| Gestefeld, U. N. The Woman who Dares. \$1.25. | Loval, Gestefeld & Co. |
| Gordon, W. J. Englishman's Haven. \$1.20. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Harrison, Mrs. B. Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales. \$1.25. | Century Co. |
| Holiday Selections for Readings and Recitations. Compiled by S. S. Rice. 50c. | Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. |
| Hope, A. Mr. Witt's Widow. | U. S. Book Co. |
| Jones, C. A. A Modern Red Riding Hood. \$1.25. | F. Warne & Co. |
| Lummis, C. F. Some Strange Corners of our Country. \$1.50. | Century Co. |
| Matthews, B. Tom Paulding. \$1.50. | Century Co. |
| Milman, H. Uncle Bill's Children. \$1. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Mitchell, S. W. Characteristics. \$1.25. | Century Co. |
| Milne, W. J. Standard Arithmetic. | Am. Book Co. |
| Morton, A. H. Etiquette. | Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. |
| Morris, H. S. Tales from Ten Poets. 3 vols. \$1. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Morris, C. Tales from the Dramatists. 4 vols. \$4. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Outdoor Games and Recreations. Ed. by G. A. Hutchinson. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Pennell, J. and E. R. Play in Provence. \$1.50. | Century Co. |
| Powell, E. P. Liberty and Life. 50c. | Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. |
| Roseboro' V. Old Ways and New. \$1.25. | Century Co. |
| Shareless, I. English Education. \$1. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Strickland, A. Lives of the Queens of England. 8 vols. \$1.50. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Stoddard, W. O. The Battle of New York. \$1.50. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Shoemaker's Best Selections for Reading and Recitations. No. 20. | Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. |
| Sunday School Selections. Ed. by J. H. Bechtel. 50c. | Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. |
| Sunday Reading for the Young. \$1.25. | E. & J. B. Young & Co. |
| Button, W. S. and W. H. Kimbrough. Primary Book of Arithmetic. 50c. | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Treasury of Pleasure Books for the Young. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Treasury of Old-Fashioned Fairy Tales. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Thompson, A. C. Rev. Our Birthdays. \$1. | T. Y. Crowell & Co. |
| Ward, H. D. The Captain of the Kittiwink. \$1.25. | Boston: Roberts Bros. |
| Weber, A. An Affair of Honor. \$1.50. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Wright, G. F. Man and the Glacial Period. \$1.75. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Williams, G. H. French Courses. 2d ed. | London: Moffatt & Paige. |
| Wister, O. The Dragon of Wansley. | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| World's Fair Ballad Collection. | O. Ditson & Co. |

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Ojai Valley, Nordhoff (Casa Piedra Ranch), Cal.
RANCH LIFE AND STUDY FOR BOYS. References: Pres. Dwight, New Haven; Pres. F. A. Walker, Boston; Rev. E. E. Ha'e, Boston; Dr. J. S. Thacher, 33 W. 30th St., N.Y. Address S. D. Thacher (A.B., L.L.B., Yale Un.), 136 Lexington Ave., N.Y., during July and Aug.

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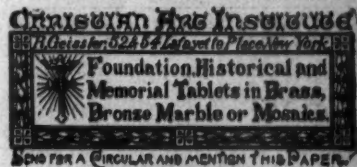
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